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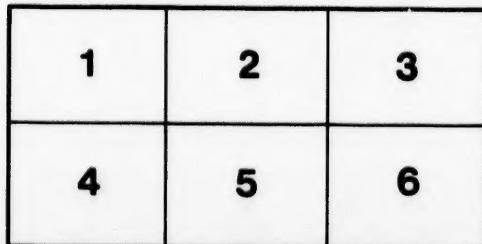
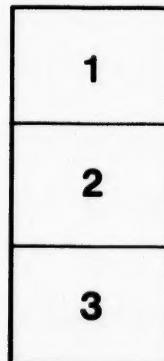
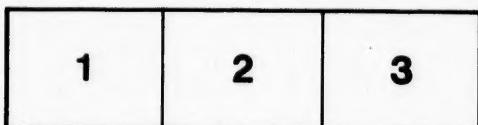
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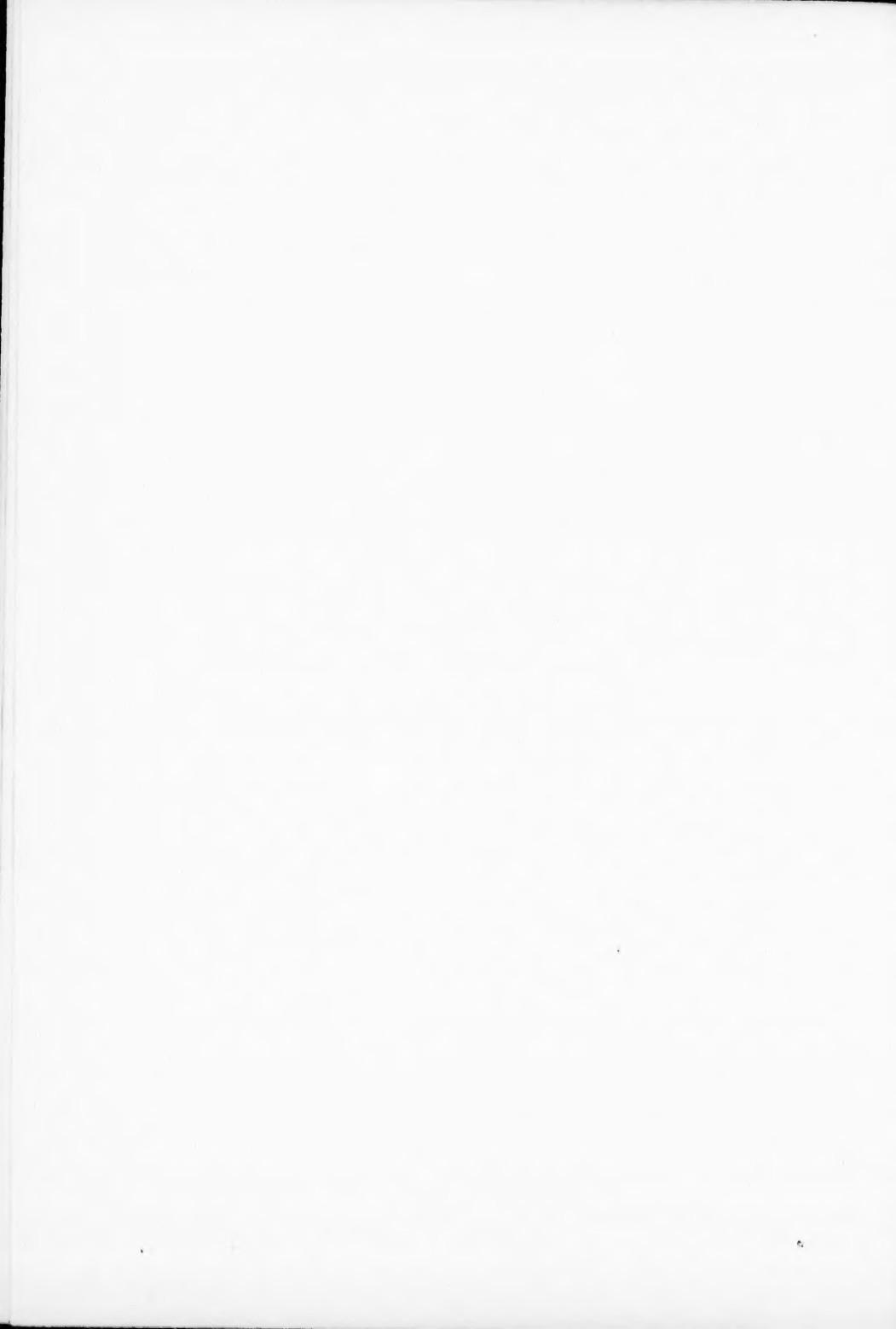
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PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY,

DURING A VACATION VISIT

IN CHEBUCKTO.

BY

A STUDENT WHO IS A NATIVE OF HALIFAX,

P. J. B.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR.

MONTREAL :

PRINTED BY JOHN LOVELL, ST. NICHOLAS STREET.

1868.

1868
(25)

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF UNUSUAL KINDNESS,

I RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE

THIS LITTLE WORK

TO MY MOST ESTEEMED FRIEND,

LUKE MOORE, Esq.

P R E F A C E.

I ASSURE you, gentle reader, it is with no ordinary sensation of fear, mingled with confidence, that I venture to present to the appreciating reading class of our new Dominion this little poetical rosary of scenes, pencilled during a vacation visit, which so importunately crowd in upon my memory at all times, that I have concluded the best way I can dismiss them, without any offence, is to send them home in the coat of Esau, trusting, with all the solicitude of Rachel, that they may receive the blessing, if not of criticism, at least of consideration, from the hands of kind friends, who may not perceive in my rude manner of expression the

voice of a poet; yet, may feel the good intention of one, who would not sell the memory of his country for the mess of practical routine that daily surrounds him. I say fear, because of the imputation of presumption, which may be wantonly laid at my door for having essayed a little work which might have staggered a more experienced writer; and confidence, because the timidity natural to a tyro, or fledgling author, is composed into tranquillity by a consciousness of your generous indulgence. I admit, indeed, the right of criticism, and appreciate its vigilance for public taste, in not allowing every literary adventurer to spawn his abortive productions upon the condescending attention of a patronizing public.

I feel confident, in the meantime, however open to critical aspersions my little essay may be, that it will find more than an apology in the kind consideration of *healthy* criticism, and an overflowing affection for the haunts of my youth, which, like the spring long pent up, gushes out at the first opening, and serving,

perhaps, to slake the thirst of another exile like myself, for the home of his childhood—*Chebucto*.

The only way of avoiding the painful visitations of criticism, is to moderately retire from all public exertion, in fact, from this “vale of tears” altogether ; and, were it not that I consider it an unworthy affectation in me to conceal the emotions awakened in my heart by kindness, and that I know it to be the desire of my friends to see those inklings appear in print, for the fire-side perusal of the evening circle during this reading season, I should certainly prefer to still slumber in humble, yet secure obscurity.

There may be found some more fastidious and less charitable, who, for puerile amusement, would spatter an honest endeavor, and who are usually distinguishable from the more intelligent and considerate by their indolent envy and prurient stupidity to pluck distinction at the expense of their neighbors, keeping out of sight the old adage which says, that “What may be play for one is oftentimes death to others.” As a chamber may appear scrupu-

lously neat until the morning sun comes streaming through the half open blind, when particles of dust are seen flitting about, and mocking the goodliest intention of the hand-maid ; so, my little composition may seem very neat until the light of criticism is brought to bear upon it, when defects will, no doubt, come to the surface in abundance—this circumstance, however, must be looked upon as the unavoidable consequence of its being the offspring of the *dusty* turmoil of every-day life. I must add, that this little effusion is but a poor expression of Chebucto scenery, which might equally compare, in many respects, with that of the much-talked-of Hudson. There is no wealthy metropolis, certainly, hanging upon its skirts to entice the fashionable tourist to dream away the sultry weeks of summer in *painful* luxury ; yet, there is a little world of picturqueness hanging about Chebucto in all its wild luxuriance, unattended by any dissipating circumstances, and which is equalled only by the unparalleled hospitality of its inhabitants.

We might justly apply to Chebucto these beautiful lines of the poet—

“ Many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

It is with no empty hope of returning, in high-sounding words or honeyed phrases, my compliments for kindness manifested towards me during a vacation visit by the people of Halifax, that I presume to interrupt for a moment your precious attention; for such an effort would be as unnecessary in its object as it would be futile in the attempt, since it is an instinct of their generous nature to be hospitable, and the mere consciousness of having rendered others a favour bears with it sufficient requital; but I do it merely to satisfy the wish of a few friends, who are anxious to see me ventilate my intellect in the shape of some literary effusion. With confidence, therefore, I place before you this little pen-drop, trusting it may please, at least, the taste of those whom I hold dear in my memory; and if, unfortunately, it should

be rudely handled by the less indulgent, *I will still love Halifax*; for

“ You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
The scent of the roses will hang round it still.”

P. J. B.

Montreal, November, 1867.

INTRODUCTION.

“ SEE round yonder gnarled vase twining,
 Creeps the verdant ivy’s vine ;
In the heavens above are shining
 Stars undimmed by flight of time.
In my heart, too, still are burning
 Beacon lights of other days ;
And in gladness to them turning
 Memory sings again their lays.

Happy days in this drear far-land
 I have wove, in fancy’s hours,
For my heart, a passing garland
 From thy never-dying flowers.
And when future years shall hover
 O’er my heart, perchance in woe,
I may ’mid the thorns discover
 Fairy flowers of long ago.”

W. D. K.

CHEBUCTO.

"O, mihi præteritos referat cum Jupiter annos."—*Virgil.*

O, well may the poet, in sad dereliction,
Abandon the present to sigh for past years ;
While Mem'ry looks back from the brink of reflection,
And points out his home to the exile in tears.
He smiles through his tears—the night-dew of abjection—
And lists to her accents however uncouth :—
A rainbow o'er-arches his grief and affection,
And links his poor heart with each scene of his youth.

There stands the Cathedral away on the hill-side,
Whose steeple o'ershadows the church-yard beneath,
Where holy tranquillity's broken at noon-tide,
By voices of school-boys let loose on the heath.
There frown the green groves where I oft went nest-hunting,
And boasted in knowing their every nook ;
While here sleeps the lake where I oft went a swimming,
And patiently tempted the trout with my hook.

There, too, is the *natural lounge* by the sea-side,
Where oft I lay, musing upon the smooth deep ;
And with cigaret offered incense to Naiades
And wood-nymphs that came there their vigils to keep.

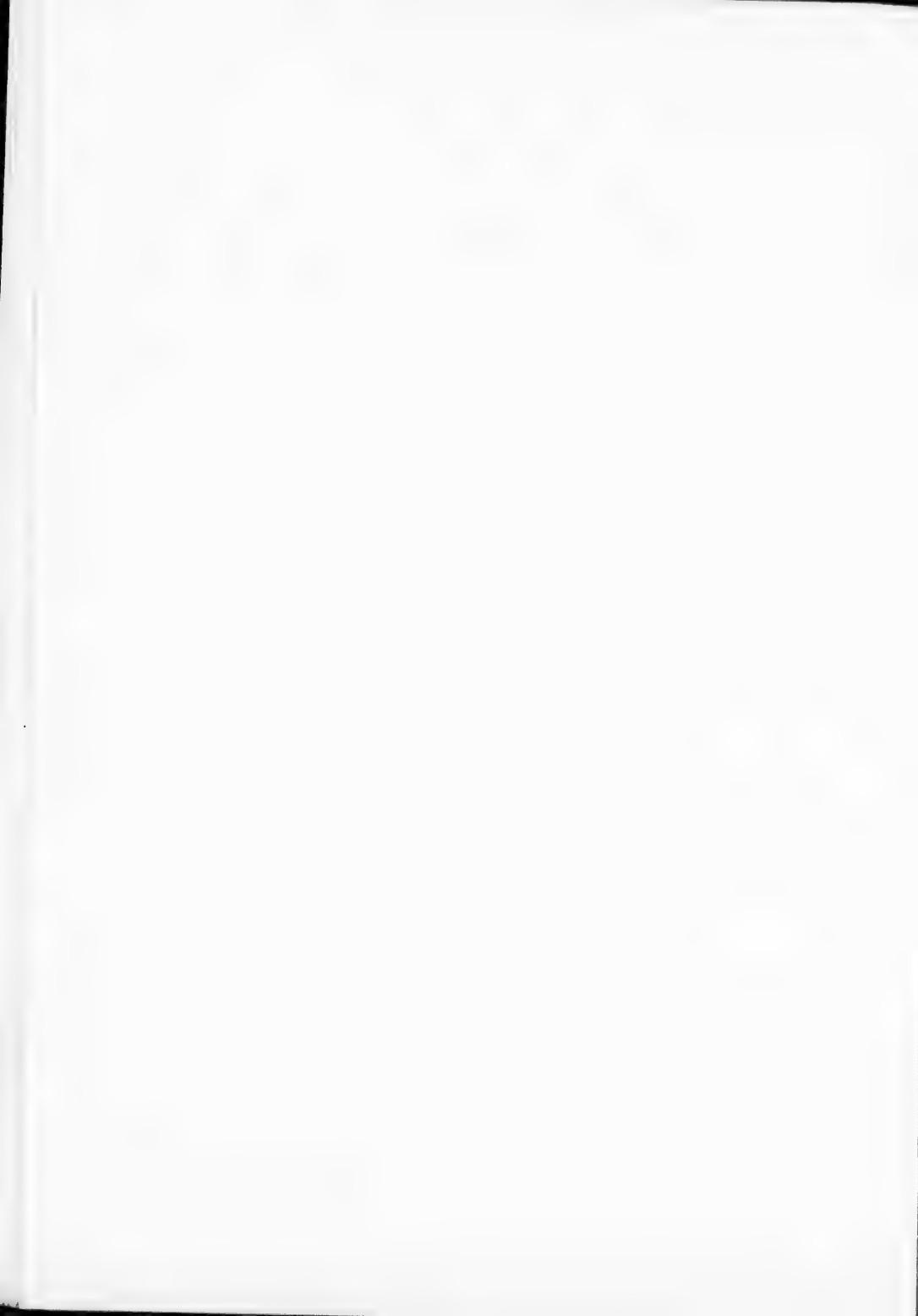
In all its luxuriance the wild woods behind me
Threw shadows around me that tempered the sun ;
•While Echo, the spirit of silence, leaped wildly,
And shrieked at the noise of the young sportsman's gun.

Away in the distance old Neptune is rolling,
Like scales on his breast the bright waters expand ;
And sleeping, like Samson, his big arms unfolding,
He throws *one* caressingly into the land.
The Bishop's neat villa—the cradle rock's motion—
The song of the boatmen, by distance made sweet ;
Their dripping oars break, into soft undulations,
The waters that come to complain at my feet.

But now 'tis alive to the Sunday-school pic-nic,—
In dancing and singing they wear out the day ;—
There, too, the young children go blue-berry picking,
Or, pluck the first flow'rs from the lap of young May
The party's embarking—the steamer is snorting—
With song and rejoicing it ploughs through the main
Their voices are heard on the breeze gently sporting
And Silence comes out from her covert again.

The voice of the mountain sprite now seems to wake me—
The spirits of ev'ning are waiving their spell ;
Away from the chamber of nature I take me,
And find my way home by the cow's tinkling bell.
The morning is up in its freshness and beauty—
The farmer is mowing the sweet-scented hay,
The city steals quietly into its duty,
While I to the Toward-road hie me away.





The Tow'r, amid sunshine and solitude rising,
 Where chip-munks are munching, secure, on the green,
 Look out, 'mid the trees on the blue waters winding,
 While birds, with their wild notes, are flitting between.
 The batteries, too, with their net-work of cannon,
 Peer out on the sea with a wild sense of fear;
 And, boom out at noon-tide a blank threat at random,
 To see that no Jonathan gun-boats are near.

Look there on the right, where the arm is just op'ning,
 Above the dark waters the "chaine-rock" juts out.
 The story runs:—"Here's where our tars tried to slope in,
 And with this big chain Les Francs shut them out."
 'Tis here where the gentry, in glittering coaches,
 That sink to each motion of bodily ease,
 Drive out, where no din of the city encroaches,
 To hear the wild music and court the soft breeze.

Here, too, we picked dultz and white shells by the sea-side,
 And dizzily ran o'er the rocks' mossy ridge;—
 While there, to commune, met the lovers at e'ntide,
 Where tulips(two-lips) grew plenty hard by *naughty bridge*.
 As principal word in a picturesque sentence—
 Or, like a full-stop to the beauty within;
 There still George's island stands out at the entrance
 Of Halifax harbour, a strayed Naiad queen.

In Titan proportions the citadel proudly,
 Protective looks down on the city *between*;
 At noon he's heard yawning, and looking quite drowsy,
 And sadly in want of a *new coat of green*.

CHEBUCTO.

re, dreamy as ever, the old Dartmouth steamer,
s if half afraid the still waters to break,
roping her way, like some middle-age dreamer,
nd only when moving lies sternly awake.

boat, up the basin to Sackville, is sailing,
ll freighted with beauty and music so gay :—
y oft have I pensively leaned o'er its railing,
nd thought I saw Halifax running away ;
f she awoke from a mental distraction,
nd ran all her might to catch Commerce and Art ;
tripped, like a child, into Confederation,
nd, sorry too late, she now hangs on her skirt,

there stand the Indian wigwams as ever,
ll dingy with smoke on the side of the hill ;
le here, still obedient to all sorts of weather,
constantly turning the old Dartmouth mill.
Admiral's ship, at the head of the harbour,
ands out like a sentinel watching the coast ;
waves in defiance her flag o'er the water,
Where sleeps the proud Gallican Admiral's ghost.

gracefully to us the waters are yielding !
hat odorous luxury tempers the breeze !
pretty the basin looks on our view stealing,
chamber, where labour may court sylvan ease

* * * * *

It is here where the French Admiral is said to have run on his sword
pair of escaping from the English.

Hark ! isn't that the Sunday bell,
 That's stealing, like a holy spell,
 From out yon sunny belfry, where
 You hear the pigeons cooing there :
 Like angels whisp'ring from above,
 Who came to tell their Sunday-love

Just yonder, where the silent shade
 Is slanting o'er the verdant glade,
 O'er old Chebucto far and near,
 St. Mary's chimes steal soft and clear ;
 And, with the mornings' zephyrs sway—
 Again, as if in fond delay,
 They swell and gently die away.

O, often in my childhood's times
 I've paused to hear those solemn chimes,
 Which spoke more softly to my heart,
 Than music of a nicer art,
 In merry tones to Hymen' swell,
 Or muffled peals of fun'r'al knell !—

The week-day tears me from retreat,
 And all is life in Granville street,
 How oft, in victimizing love,
 Must tempt the winged god above,
 The flirt, a victim in disguise
 To beauty, wit and rolling eyes ;
 Who may the dart she plumes for me
 Direct against her villainy.
 O, get thee from your ambuscade,
 Where thoughtless youths are oft *mislead*,

Whence darting out a killing sneer,
You gain the vict'ry of a tear!

In honeyed words and perfumes sweet,
And grace of motion exquisite,
You meet the youth with languid eye ;
When captured once—away you fly,
You leave him, bound up in a spell,
To pine in disappointment's “cell.”
Through gorgeous halls and circles gay
You flaunt your smiles, but to betray ;
Where e'er your murd'rous eyes may dart,
They're sure to leave a bleeding heart.

With mincing step and sugar smile,
Around the heedless youth you coil ;
Your dimpled hand you let him squeeze—
When, O ! he dreams of “love at ease.”
Your ev'ry look, and word, and wish,—
All conned to make a dainty dish,
In dove-tailed notes of pinken hue,
With seal—“I only live for you.”
She boasts amongst associates,
How many smiles and notes she gets.

Down Granville street gents bow to her,
To please the little *Moniteur* ;
As, conscious of her beauty's force,
Affectedly she picks her course,
And thinks she only needs to court,
To captivate the strongest fort.

She drops into the dry-goods marts,
To merely see the price of hearts :
And, if she finds them not quite brisk,
She's sure to venture little risk.

How much the heart-sick clerks all sigh,
To catch the pretty butterfly !
While home she starts without a choice,
Because the goods are at *half-price*.
At home—fatigued—she takes a chair,
And simpers out, “Now, I don’t care
Those fellows are a stupid set,
To thus neglect their little pet !”
But, Jove ! she now begins to pout,
And wonders why when she goes out—

A paragon of all that’s bright,
A flirt by day and prude by night—
The skies don’t breathe a gentler gale,
As down the street she tilts full-sail ;
Now tucking up her virgin clothes,
She, mincingly, before her throws
Her pretty foot and ankle too,
So fulsome o'er her dainty shoe.
But patience cries, “a truce to this”—
Adieu, then, Grenville street and miss !

To one sweet spot mid lonely seas,
Where ev’ning smiles o'er hill and dale ;
And freshly breathes the ocean breeze,
On summer morn o'er dewy vale—
Away from out the city’s street,
Behind me all its din I leave :

And hie me to some lone retreat,
In * Auburn-dale at pensive eve.

Where oft we've paused, in fond delay,
To look adown its shady walks;
And catch the parting smile of day,
By scramb'ling up the beetling rocks.
Where, saunt'ring through the pathless woods,
We stopped upon some op'ning green;
And, looking through the pendant boughs,
We caught the little scraps of scene.

Where oft we stood 'neath moonlight bright,
And list'ned to the waters rave;
And saw, with awe, the prison-light
That glimmered o'er the darksome wave.
How picturesque the children look,
As playfully they set a-sail
Their mimic navies in the brook,
And shout for fun to think they fail!

There bashful All, and pretty Frank,
Sit sporting in their childish glee;
And, scamp'ring down the sunny bank,
They hail the steamer from the sea,—
See, yonder, on those sunny plots
Retiring gently from the sea,
Peep shyly through the trees neat cots,
In all their nun-like modesty.

*Tis here soft moonlight on the sea,
Might wake the poet's slumb'ring vein:—

* Flinn's Villa.

And, here the swain in ecstacy
Might sing—" Then, meet me in the lane."
And there might draw aside unseen,
To tell his lonely beads to Heaven ;
And, needn't fear the Naiad queen—
The bashful little monk St. Kevin.
'Tis to this spot, in social throngs,
Our little joys we used to bring :—
'Tis here we sang the good old songs,—
"The good old songs we used to sing;"
While, taking up the dying notes,
The birds, in cunning attitude,
Would gape and swell their tiny throats,
To fill a graceful interlude.
But, now, there rests a latent spell—
I trust it is the only harm—
Within the thrilling word—*farewell!*—
O'er all that's sweet at North-west-Arm !

* * * * *

But there is another spot,
Where there stands a little cot,
Rising 'mid the swaying trees,—
All bespeaking rural ease.
Aunt is standing, as of yore,
Half-way in the sunny door ;—
Children in the summer-house,—
Others playing cat-and-mouse,
'Mongst the bushes up the walk—
Others grouped in merry talk ;
While the old folks freely speak
O'er the topics of the week ;—

Or, behind the "seed-house" there,
Cluster round the *monstrous bear*.
Rustic seats beneath the shade
Lie for whispering gossips made.
Little Griz is frisking round,
Hunts his tail and paws the ground ;
Rover, with more majesty,
Struts and yawns with dignity.

Nestling in their pretty beds,
Flow'rs put forth their snowy heads ;
When they hear the voice of Spring,
On their budding charms they fling ;
Blushing in their modesty—
Covering up their chastity—
Hiding in humility—
Breathing perfumes rich and rare,
Fling them to the sunny air.
Sentinels stand lofty trees,
Wrestling with the western breeze ;
And, look down with sombre mien
On the pretty charge within.
Grand-pa, too, desires to share
Freshness of the summer air ;
Eddie, dancing to his side,
Takes his hand and plays the guide.
Beaux-monde, dressed in latest style,
Stops to peep a little while.
Up the path in bill'wy sweep
Crinoline in flounces deep ;
Ev'ry motion, like the rose,
Shaking perfume from their clothes.

Pretty epithets they show'r
 On their darling fav'rite flow'r.
 There's another stoops to sup
 Nectar drops from Flora's cup.
 By his patronising smile,
 You might know 'twere Gen'ral D—yle.
 There, too, youth and beauty met
 Poesy with flageolet ;
 Laughing off the sunny hours,—
 Tickling love in L—y's bow'rs.
 Listless, too, the student there,
 Lounging in a rustic chair,
 Pouring o'er some classic book,
 Filled each pause with circling look.

* * * * *

At eve when thoughts come home to rest,
 And mem'ry lonely vigils keep ;
 And drowsy Nature seems to pause,
 To bow her head in balmy sleep :
 Just then we sauntered out to take
 A peep beyond the city's bounds,—
 The fairest spot
 Our eyes had caught,
 Peep'd slyly through the groves of Downs.

The lowing herd—the men and maids
 Just gathering up the scented hay—
 The birds couched snugly in their nests,
 And singing out the dying day.
 Cottages, with pretty faces,
 Dotting here and there the green,

Without the grounds
Of Mr. Downs
All hint of beauty there within.

Through rustic gate, up winding path,
We sloped up to the cottage white ;
And left behind, on either side,
Green groves that frown a mimic night.
The cottage burst upon our view,
And, lo ! we heard promiscuous sounds
Of bird and beast,
At evening feast,
Proclaiming loud, " The place is Downs ! "

Monkeys in their hideous antics—
Ferrets, racoons, foxes, deer ;
Flitting bats, swans, turtles, pheasants,—
All greeted us as strangers there.
The rustic bridge that spann'd the brook,
And led us to the up-land grounds—
In dreamy caves
Young Echo raves,—
" The place—the place is Mr. Downs' ! "

From scenes so wild, yet beautiful,
Where Nature seems to hold her sway,
I turned me back to one fair spot,
Where poets find a tamer lay ;
Where mingled shade and sunshine sport,
And all things cater to the heart—
Amongst the flow'rs,
In L—y's bow'rs,
Where mother Nature links with Art.

* O, how sad is that vesper bell ringing,
 As it pensively steals on mine ear ;
 Lonely thoughts in mem'ry awak'ning
 Of a land in my heart I hold dear !
 For the scenes of vacation are breaking
 The student's fond heart in his room ;
 While they vanish, like evening declining,
 Leaving me a poor exile in gloom.
 In the morning while in meditation,
 Sure I try good and pious to be ;
 But 'tis then your my only distraction,
 For I can't help but think, love, on thee !

You're my good resolutions besetting,
 And you make up my *holy bouquet* ;
 While I rise from my knees quite forgetting ;
 I've been all the time thinking of thee !
 Like a beam o'er the dark-flowing waters—
 Like a smile from the Goddess of night ;
 Or, like fragments of sunshine in winter,
 That cheer the Cathedral's dim light ;
 So the joy of thy sweet reollections
 Comes in spirit to me o'er the sea,
 To console me in sad dereliction
 While I sit here and think, love, on thee !

Chorus.—O, ne'er from the poor student's mem'ry
 Can the thoughts of vacation depart ;
 But they cling like the tendrils of ivy
 Around the best wish of his heart.

* May be sung to the air of Norah O'Neil.

Farewell !

Words of friendship on the pensive

Ear of meditation ring ;

Turning sadness into gladness,

Like the merry voice of spring.

Words of sadness sear the joys of

Social life, like autumn blast,

Words of anger strip us of the

Balmy mem'ries of the past.

But, of all words in our house-hold,

There's not one has such a spell,

Spreading grief and mingled gladness,

Like the thrilling word—" Farewell!"—

Grief, that like a cloud rests o'er us,

Dark'ning all around us here ;

While, like sunshine in the distance,

Greetings fresh for us appear.

Farewell ! to those happy circles,

Where all met me with a smile,

Farewell ! to those scenes and frolics,

Of vacation for a while !

Mem'ries of you long shall slumber

In my heart, like autumn leaves ;

'Till the fondness of new greetings,

Wakes them like the vernal breeze,

But, perchance, Farewell too sadly

Smites thee?—" Ne turbetur cor!"

There's more cheerful meaning for us,

In the Frenchman's " Au revoir!"

FINIS.

" Salutatio manu mea!"

